vain did Rossetti "shoo" it out. It refused to budge. This went on for days.

" The lovely creature won't respond to me," said Rossetti pathetically to a friend.

The friend dragged out the bird.

"No wonder! It's *dead I* "

" Bulls don't like me," said Rossetti a few days later, " and peacocks aren't homely."

It preyed on his mind so much that he tried to repair the failure by buying some white dormice. He sat them up on tiny bamboo chairs, and they looked sweet. When the winter was over, he invited a party to meet them and con-gratulate them upon waking up from their long sleep.

" They are awake now/' he said, " but how quiet they are ! How full of repose ! "

One of the guests went to inspect the dormice more closely, and a peculiar expression came over his face. It might almost have been thought that he was holding his nose.

" Wake up, little dormice/' said Rossetti, prodding them gently with a quill pen.

"They'll never do *that,"* said the guest. "They're *dead. I* believe they have been dead some days ! "

Do you think Rossetti gave up live stock after this ? Not a bit of it. He tried anjtadillos and tortoises.

" How ar^.the tortoise?'?[1]'" he asked his man one day, after a long spell p^^jrg^jfulness that he had any.

"Pretty well,'sir; thank you. . . . That's to say, sir, there ain't no tortoises ! "

The tortoises, bought to eat the beetles, had been eaten themselves. At least, the shells were found full of beetles.

And the armadillos ? " The air of Chelsea

don't suit them/' said Rossetti's servant. They had certainly left Rossetti's house, but they had not left Chelsea. All the